



"JOURNEY'S END" -- ZERO HOUR -- 8:15 P.M. TONIGHT

I take this opportunity to thank the student body for its expression of confidence in electing me to the Presidency of the Students' Union.



The year which confronts us is not without its problems in student government. Great as has been the success of the past administration, and constructive as has been its labors, there remains yet undoubtedly a great deal to be done.

The very perfection and efficiency of our student government appears to contribute to its chief weakness, namely, a tendency toward disinterestedness in the student body at large. It is this weakness which must be eliminated. To encourage student enterprise, to expand student activities in every possible manner consistent with economy, and above all to foster a general interest

and desire to participate in those activities—these constitute the essential problems of the coming year.

The new Council, in undertaking its duties, looks to every student on the campus for his active support and co-operation, and urges him to contribute his share to the success of our student organizations.

ARTHUR D. BIERWAGEN.

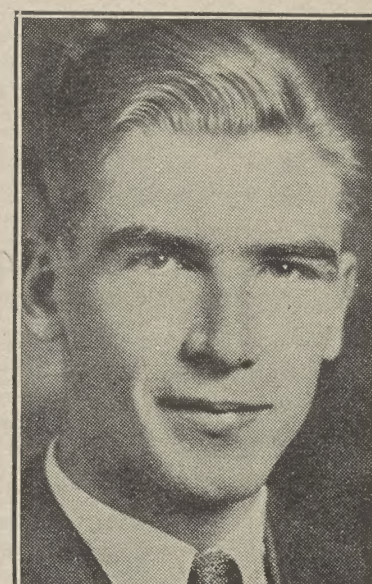
GRADUATES AND STUDENTS PRODUCE "JOURNEY'S END"

Tonight in Convocation Hall, "Journey's End" will be presented by a cast of students and graduates. It is a new experiment in the field of dramatics, and it promises to be an outstanding success. In recent years the Dramatic Society has found it impossible to make use of the Alumni or Faculty within its plays because of the "closed" nature of the society. In the casting of "Journey's End," students were given a preference, but where parts could be filled more satisfactorily by graduates they were approached with a request for their co-operation. The request received affirmative replies in three outstanding instances. Mr. Emrys Jones accepted the heavy task of direction and also the part of Mason, the batman, in the cast. Mr. John Rule accepted the part of Lieutenant Trotter, and he portrays in his own inimitable way the part of that comic, good-natured, very fat, Cockney Second-Lieutenant. Finally there was Mr. Louis Hyndman, who had sworn an oath never to take part in amateur dramatics again, who was persuaded at rather short notice to take the part of the officious Colonel from Headquarters. Many followers of Dramat will no doubt remember Mr. Hyndman's fine performance as the escaped convict in the Little Theatre's production of Galsworthy's "Escape." Such, in short, is the valuable assistance tendered to the cast of "Journey's End" by the Alumni members

that its success is almost a foregone conclusion. The students in the cast do not need any introduction in a student newspaper. Both Chris Jackson, Fraser Macdonald and Ken Ives are well known in dramatic circles. But the casting committee feel that they have made one genuine discovery in the person of Ken Woodford, who is playing Lieutenant Raleigh, the young English schoolboy who suddenly finds himself in the front line. Although new to the University stage, he is threatening to steal the show from his more experienced fellow-actors. But before leaving the subject of the cast, mention must be made of Tony Whiteside, the happy-go-lucky captain, and Bill King, the perfect sergeant-major. Brummy Aiello plays the part of the captured German prisoner.

The dug-out set as designed and executed by Stan Landymore and lighted by Ralph Lee, promises to be one of the best sets seen in Convocation Hall for some years. It will be remembered that Stan Landymore designed the set for last year's Spring Play, "See Naples and Die," and that Ralph Lee was in charge of lights and noises-off. The noises-off of "See Naples and Die" were extremely effective—many people will no doubt be able to recall the realistic motor accident. Their success last year augurs well for the effectiveness of the Landymore-Lee combination that will be at work tonight behind the scenes of "Journey's End."

President Hugh Arnold is bringing to a successful conclusion one of the most active years in the history of the Students' Union. The session 1933-34 has seen the Rink



paid for and provision made for the future. Every branch of student activities has been extended to a province-wide scope, and definite effort has been made to raise the prestige of the University in its extra-curricular life. A Constitution Enforcement Committee has been set up to give needed authority to the measures of the Council, and should prove of invaluable assistance to next year's President.

As this legislation bears the stamp of his wisdom, so the mutual understanding and hearty co-operation between the Faculty and the Students' Council bears the mark of his tact and good fellowship. Difficulties faced the highest testimonials to his ability.

In leaving student politics, Hugh Arnold leaves a place that will be hard to fill. Since he came to the University four years ago he has given of his best to the service of the students, he has been repaid with the highest office that is in their power to give, and he has filled it well. We wish him every success.

Philharmonic Male Chorus Present University Songs

LARGE STUDENT ATTENDANCE

Student Body Given Opportunity to Register Approval of Songs Selected by Committee—Final Choice to be Made Later

On Thursday afternoon at 4:45 o'clock the Philharmonic Male Chorus gave a presentation of three of the University songs. At 4:30 students began to rapidly fill up the seats, and soon the attendants had to fill up the back of the hall with more seats. Not for a long time has there been such a large student attendance—even Taurus was there, displaying his red tie.

Everyone was given a copy of the songs, and for a while the fever ran high. Nobody could agree which was the best, and some thought they were all equally bad. However, opinions were to be rapidly changed.

The songs were presented by the Philharmonic Male Chorus. This chorus includes Arthur Davidson, Gordon Sprague, Dwight Powell, Mike Sereda, A. Hurtig, and Larry Broughton. The songs were well presented, and it was evident that the chorus had spent a great deal of time in preparation.

They first sang "Quaecumque Vera," which is as follows:

Laws and Arts! With torts and grammars!
Ring out a cheer, etc.

This also received the applause of the whole hall. Then they presented "Alberta U":

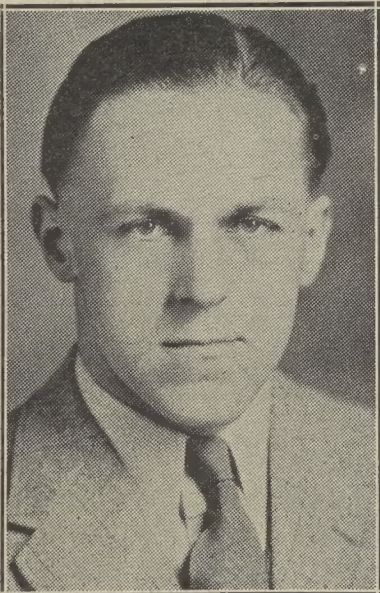
Alberta U. of name undying,
Your banners rightly wave on high,
True in heart, O Alma Mater,
We pledge our loyalty;
We have faith, great Alma Mater,
In your supremacy.
Alberta U., may wreaths of laurel,
for glory honor you today;
Halls of fame reflect your light,
and fields acclaim the heroes' fight
for Alma Mater, U. of A.

Green and gold! Quaecumque vera!
Guide us through each coming Era;
Guide us on through battle gory,
For the right and greater glory.

Alberta U. of Northern splendor,
Renowned for duty to ideal,
We shall hold in graceful token to you
sublimity, cherished memories
unbroken through Times' Eternity.

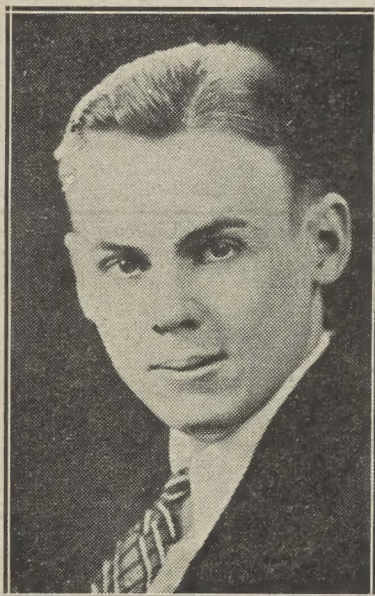
Alberta U. with honest praises,
your men and maidens sing today;
Halls of fame reflect your light
and fields acclaim the heroes' fight
for Alma Mater, U. of A.

(Continued on Page Six)



DON WILSON

Who has just been chosen President of Men's Athletics, has been prominent in athletics at the University for some time. He has played senior rugby and has been a leader on men's swimming teams. He has had wide experience in American athletics.



JACK TUCK

And still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry
all he knew.

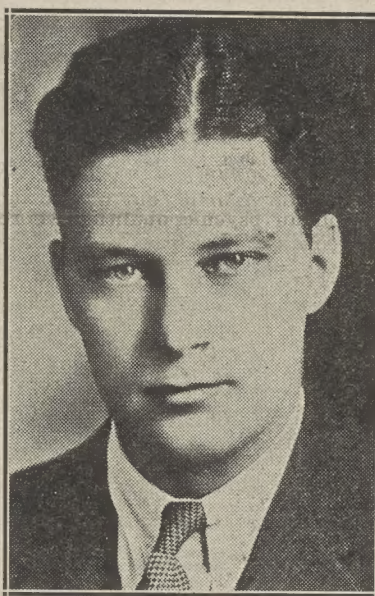
And when it comes to knowledge and experience concerning business, there is little lacking in Jack Tuck. His election by acclamation to the position of Treasurer of the Union shows the respect in which his business ability is held by his fellow students. He served as Business Manager of The Gateway for the last session. An outstanding success was made of last year's Handbook under his directorship.

BROCKINGTON TO SPEAK AT PHILOSOPH

Noted Calgarian Returns From
Ottawa—Will Be Here in
Two Weeks' Time

A real treat is in store for every student who attends the lecture to be given by Mr. Brockington in two weeks' time. The Philosophical Club adds much merit to their name in presenting to the student body this noted scholar and wit. Mr. Brockington has just returned from Ottawa, where his speeches were received with great popularity. Students wishing to attend this meeting are urged to come early, as Convocation Hall will be packed.

To those who have not joined the Philosophical Club this year, attention should be drawn to one great advantage received in being a member. From a few scattered members last year it has now gained a membership of six hundred, and the reputation of being the leading club of the University. Not only does one receive the advantage of hearing lectures on interesting topics from outstanding people, but may enter into lively discussion with lecturer and students. Those who are returning next year should not fail to become members of the Philosophical Club. The club wishes attention to be drawn to the fact that they are offering a prize for the best essay on any topic of a philosophical nature.



JACK MacINTOSH

First won distinction by being elected Arts Representative on the Council in his freshman year. Served the Dramatic Society as treasurer during the last season. He gave a notable performance in the Sophomore entry in the Interyear Play Competition this year. He was also elected to the Soph Executive this year. His duties as Secretary of the Union will be performed with a thorough background of useful experience.

APPRECIATION

Whether due to the enervating effects of the late spring weather, amnesia induced by the proximity of examinations, or the appreciation of good vaudeville by those who witnessed the collapse of the literary candidates in Convocation, I should like to thank the assembled demos for their (or is it "its") expression of something or other in granting me their confidence as spiritual patron of the coming year's Literary activities. They begin, be reminded, immediately. Debating and Dramatic elections are next week, so watch for notices and show your interest by giving careful consideration, and votes, to the candidates. Also nominations.

In the parlance of this gross commercial era, yours for a "Bigger and Better" year.

RALPH COLLINS.

SONG RESULTS

SENIOR SPRING FORMAL

Quaecumque Vera 73
Alberta U. 14
Cheer Song 241

CONVOCATION, THURSDAY

Quaecumque Vera 65
Alberta U. 100
Cheer Song 124

POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB

Mr. C. L. Gibbs, M.L.A., will speak on "Co-operation as a Social Principle," at the final meeting of this club, in Athabasca Lounge, Thursday, the 22nd, at 4:30. Election of officers for the coming year. Tea will be served. You are welcome.

Senior Spring Formal Is Outstanding Success

Varsity Cheer Song Popular Choice in Preview of Song Contest

This year's midwinter dance put on by the Senior Class took unto itself a new name and a comparatively new convention. With all this, it was a tremendous success. The name assumed a new class and dignity by being called the Senior Spring Formal. The new convention adapted was that of no advance booking of dances. As we said before, it was a grand dance—everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

The patronesses were Mrs. W. S. Walsh, Mrs. R. E. Wallace, Mrs. J. M. MacEachran, Mrs. N. M. Stover, and Mrs. J. MacDonald. Bowman's orchestra, in their usual fine manner, supplied the music, and the Varsity orchestra played during the second supper. As a feature entertainment three of the songs entered in the Varsity Song Competition were played and sung by the Philharmonic chorus as an extra dance. They were voted on, and the "Alberta Cheer Song" was decided to be the best by the majority.

The decorations were carried out on a Spring motif. This was done in deference to the name, not the weather. The University is always two months ahead of the times.

The seniors followed in the footsteps of the Household Economics Club this year, and did away with advance booking of dances. As to whether this was a success, one cannot definitely say. Different opinions on the question are heard from every side. Some are all in favor of the idea, others are all against it. We think that it is just a matter of getting used to it. Such an old and venerable institution as our University cannot break away from settled customs with two formal.

Congratulations should be extended to the Senior Class Executive,

which included this year, President Pat Kilkenny, Vice-President Jean Irving, Secretary Cameron Grant, and Gwen Nixon, Molly Buchanan, and Ted Bishop.

We liked the new name and the new customs. It is to be hoped that next year the formals will follow the same practices.

ENGINEERS SOCIETY WILL MEET MONDAY

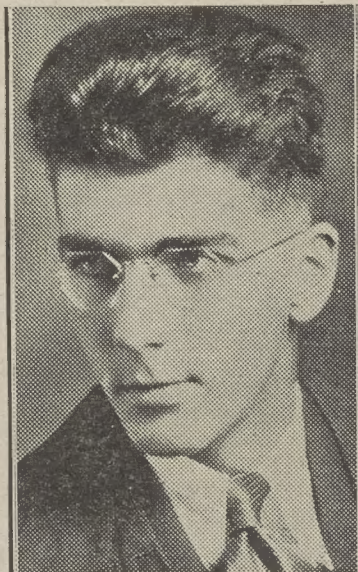
J. L. Pidoux to Give Paper On
Railway Construction in the
Peace River

The Engineering Students' Society at the University of Alberta will hold its next meeting on Monday, March 19, in Room 142 Arts, following "tea" in 111 Arts.

J. L. Pidoux, our vice-president, will present "Railroad Construction in the Peace River Block" as the fifth of the student papers entered in the E.S.S. student paper competition, which provides a prize of \$25.00 to the judged best paper. With all due apologies for abbreviating titles, the other four papers were "Geology in Southern Rhodesia," by D. Ross; "Dredging Operations," by W. Holloway; "The Monarch Mine," by G. Hamilton, and "The Trail Smelter," by L. Landucci. All the papers have shown excellent preparation and an appreciative knowledge of the topic.


The E.S.S., with "Pop-eye" Brownie as skipper, can look back, in a week or two, on one of its most successful years. In athletics, members of the E.S.S. truly distinguished themselves. Of the five Big Block awards, three went to Engineers. The senior rugby, hockey, basketball and track have seen members turn in record-breaking performances. In interfaculty athletics, the rugby and basketball championships are ours. Now, you red-blooded he-men (blushing pansies, I presume), there is no dog-gone reason why, with a little conscientious co-operation, you cannot bring back again with a few additional silverware you have won this year.

On the other hand, no one will deny the glowing success of the banquet—all hail Executive, bravo! And the smoker—"colossal," "stupendous"—yea, verily, look at it how you will, this year will go down on record as marked "Success." Oh, by the way, elections for next year's officers are to take place this coming week; but more of that on Monday. Don't forget to be there, and in my enthusiasm I almost said, "Lab or no lab"—but you might try it.



RALPH COLLINS

President-elect of the Literary Society, has been prominent in Dramat and Literary activities in past years. Distinguished as a debater, he is to be remembered above all as the secretary of the class executive that sponsored the Junior Prom, 1933-34.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

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A FORECAST

The Lessard-Bierwagen Commission

After months of intensive toil the Royal Commission, it is rumored, are about to emerge with a careful and laborious report. This commission was appointed to enquire into the expenditure of the Students' Union with a view of decreasing Union fees if at all possible. The report will be the culmination of intensive research, embodying the results of long drawn-out interviews and cross-examinations of everybody who has ever spent a nickle of the students' money. The committee have chosen the most appropriate of times to publish their report; all the students are much too busy with final examinations to pay any attention to such mundane things as fees, and even The Gateway isn't to be allowed the last word, for this is our last issue. Yet gossip has it that the committee will criticize itself, for there is to be a minority report. In fact, the committee is so far from unanimous that there may be two minority reports, but perhaps the dissenters may be reconciled and sum up their efforts in one document.

"Fees should be reduced," so the theme of the recalcitrants will run. "Too long has extravagance run rampant in the University, and this day demands retrenchment without curtailment." Peat and Repeat Lessard will undoubtedly draw our attention to the fact that the cost of everything else has dropped except Students' Union fees, and will lightly pass over the fact that so have gate receipts and monies from advertising. We feel justified in guaranteeing that the minority will advocate slashing fees by the sum of seventy-five cents, and instead of paying \$121 to the bursar next year, we will only have to put out \$120.25. A winter's toil for 75c.

The president-elect of the Students' Union will, of course, have a somewhat different story, but space prevents us from even summarising the report of the majority. The troubles of next year's Council would only be increased if fees were to be reduced, and the Treasurer would have to make up a brand new budget instead of relying on the estimates of the last ten years.

Our pious hope is that the 75c will not be lopped off The Gateway estimates.

THE NEW COUNCIL

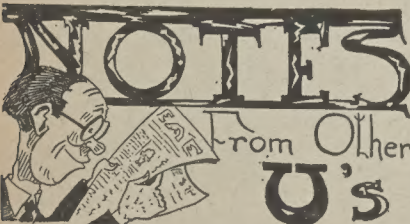
We extend our heartiest congratulations to the new Council on their election, and our heartfelt sympathy to them in the task they have undertaken. They remind us of a bunch of happy picnickers off for the day in a model T Ford. They are going out to do big things with a cumbersome and antiquated piece of machinery. The Students' Council as a system of representative government is as unhandy as a baby carriage on a street car.

Almost every member of the Council has an axe to grind. They represent diametrically opposed factions, each striving quite naturally to secure a berth for his particular interest. It is no wonder that concerted action is difficult to secure, and debate runs rampant into the middle of the night. With a president and secretary of each major organization on the Council, there is always a second for every motion, and then the fun starts. One organization is afraid to vote against the other, because their own motion is coming up in a few minutes, and the faculty representatives have to present a united front to the axe-grinders' union.

Oh, it's nice to sit on the Council, but we don't envy any of them their job. However, they have ambition, they have a good executive, and let's hope they can make their unwieldy old bus get them there.

THE OLD COUNCIL

From time to time we have said things about the Council, but this is our last chance. A review of their legislation must convince even the most sceptical of its wisdom. Economic considerations have guided them without stinting their services. No one could

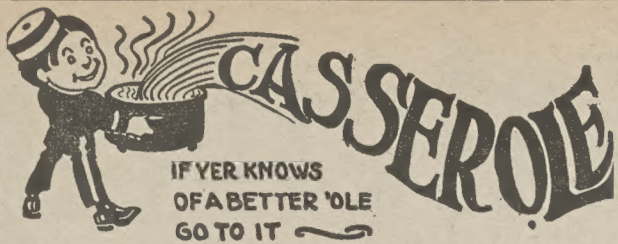


NOTES

From Other U's

Oh, the women! we must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is, in fact, only love turned the wrong way. At times they try to injure us, but only because they hope thereby to please some other man. When they write, they have one eye on the paper and the other on a man. This rule applies to all authoresses, with the exception of Countess Hahn-Hahn, who only has one eye.—Heine.

All kinds of social knowledge and



"Come all yo' and be baptized," cried the chocolate evangelist.

"But Ah've been baptized by the Presbyterians," said Rastus.

"Lo'd," cried the Baptist minister, "yo' only been dry cleaned."

1884—Shall we join the ladies?
1934—Where the Hell's my woman?

Coming Ohm

The electrician had arrived home at 3 a.m., and was sneaking upstairs when his wife greeted him thus: "Watt's the matter? Wire you insulate?"

Beyond Hope

The girl who thinks the bear hug originated in a nudist colony.

The guy who believes that Einstein is one glass of beer.

The egg who is convinced that Mussolini is an exercise.

Johnny Poole—Gentlemen, we engineers must stick together.

Ted Barry—The feeling is mucilage!

An Idea

An enterprising poultryman has crossed his hens with parrots to save time. He used to hunt around for eggs, but now the hens walk up to him and say: "Hank, I just laid an egg. Go get it."

Voice over phone—Is Mike Howe there?

Bonn Smith (on phone duty)—What do you think this is, a stockyard?

Wrong Label

"A spoonful of water contains 270,000 potential horsepower," says a scientist. That's not water.

In keeping with the current rage there comes the miniature cocktail. One drink and in a miniature out.

Jean McMurchy—"Mrs. Smith has wonderful poise, hasn't she?"

Munro Williamson—Yes, and a couple of good-looking daughters, too.

"Haven't you any ethics?"

"Naw, I traded it in for an Oldsmobile."

We Did It

An elephant and a flea were once crossing a bridge together. Says the flea to the elephant when they were safely across: "We sure shook that one, didn't we, big boy?"

THE SHANGHAI POPPY

Chapter 9999

"He has no teeth," protested Deely. "Blah Kye told me so. He lost them all from Pyorrhea. I noticed a peculiar scent in the room at the time, but thought it was incense. Percy, maybe The Poppy has halitosis. If so, I fear me it will go hard with you to wrestle with him."

"Have no fear, angel," said Percy valiantly, though his facial muscles twitched ever so slightly. But hush! Methinks he approaches."

The Poppy entered even as Percy spoke. "Hah-a-a, my friends," he said, not unkindly. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting. I've been in conference. Ha ha-a-a."

Percy's eyes took on a stern look each. "You have us at your mercy, Wah Shing, better known as The Shanghai Poppy," he said tensely. "Do your worst, villain. But pray let the little woman go. She's done nothing—since she married me. Let me suffer—ah, yes—but let her return in safety to our children and my mother-in-law, who will never forgive me if aught harm come to dear Delirious. Pretty please—"

This is all because there ain't no more—the author got galloping consumption and is still in the jug.

One of our professors, invited to address a club meeting once, chose as his subject: "Need of education." It appears that the following day a Gateway headline reported, "Professor's Speech Shows Need of Education."

say that it has not been a highly successful year in athletics, dramatics and debating. More than anything, this Council has made changes—good changes, we believe. The introduction of an Enforcement Committee is a typical example.

The year has presented problems demanding serious consideration (and the appointment of investigation committees), prolonged and acrimonious debate has followed, but a settlement has invariably been reached, and more or less conclusive action taken.

We have had our differences of opinion, but they have been settled amicably, and for our part we congratulate the 1933-34 Council on its admirably conducted session.

graces are useful, but one of the best is to be able to yawn with your mouth closed.—U. of West Ontario Gazette.

Hands Up!

One of the new freshman rules at Roanoke College provides that when a freshman speaks to a co-ed on the campus he must keep both hands well above his head.—McGill Daily.

A professor at Columbia University whose courses are only open to graduate students and high school teachers stated in his estimation adults behave as badly or worse than children when they are in the classroom.

An instructor in the sociology department at the "U" of Wisconsin passes out cigarettes during exams to make students more natural, because, he says, the course itself is such an inhuman one.

Harvard "U" owns enough football equipment to outfit 6,000 men.

We have just received a news report from Canton that a vigorous campaign is under way to diminish the high suicide rate. "Police," it says, "are ordered to observe passers-by closely for persons who appear to be in a dubious state of mind, and to do their utmost to prevent suicide. Just what was to be done was not specified."—The Varsity.

It has been proved at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology that it is cheaper to be a blonde than a brunette or redhead. This report is based on poundage, blondes usually weighing several pounds less than their darker sisters.

CORRESPONDENCE

March 13, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In the last issue of The Gateway the writer of "Cuisine Tres Soignée" took exception to the leisurely way in which the French dine. The article recalled to my mind certain experiences in Athabasca dining hall. I wonder if the students have ever been able to improve upon the time records set up there some years ago. I am sure we did not give ourselves enough time to properly masticate the food we did manage to consume—but it was exciting. Our table tackled that meal with one definite aim in view of getting through it and clearing out before any other table in the hall. We swigged down hot soup and hot tea, we bolted food in the most alarming way. The individual at the end of our table kept an eagle eye on neighboring crews, and exhorted us to do our utmost. He led us to victory after victory.

Perhaps it was a reaction to such experiences that prejudiced me in favor of the French attitude. It was a relief to learn that one may dine in France with a feeling of relaxation, and I liked their habit of sipping drinks so leisurely. In the Latin quarter in Paris the students talk and joke for hours over a cup of coffee or a glass of wine or beer. In eating and drinking may become such an atmosphere of unhurried ease, eating and drinking may become a fine art to be enjoyed.

B. E. WALKER.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I surrender. My last shred of resistance is broken. I am utterly overcome by the yards and yards of tripe and the gallons and gallons of drivel those stolid blockheads, the editorial staff of The Gateway, have been dishing out to us during the past year. Now I propose to add my own few inches of tripe and drops of drivel to the general mess, and thus make The Gateway utterly and absolutely the World's Worst Weekly.

Long have I borne in suffering silence the mazy meanderings of The Hodnut, the prim purrings of the Calico Cat, the sleek sophistications of the Gingham Dog, the puerile patter of The Inquiring Reporter, the belligerent bellows of Taurus (may he rest in peace!), the imbecilic insouciances of Casserole (and by the way, Mr. Editor, a far better name for this agony column would be Resurrection Pie). To say nothing of boring book-reviews and senseless Co-ed chatter, and similar atrocities. But it was the blasting eruption of one Volcano that has caused me to capitulate.

Now let us see, what is a volcano? A mountain with its head blown off—belching forth steam and hot air, to say nothing of a nasty smell—the connection seems obvious.

I have no intention of defending the W.C.T.U. or the I.O.D.E., or other institutions to which Mr. Volcano seems to object, but I resent his one-sided intolerant attitude. I am a tolerant bird; the only thing I can't tolerate is intolerance. (Try this on your harmonica.) The W. C. T. U. has undoubtedly done much good in helping incurable drunkards such as myself and Mr. Volcano would like to be. Despite the questionable use of that much-abused word "temperance," they are certainly sincere, and sincerity in any form is to be admired and respected, even though we disagree with the principles involved.

The same remarks holds true of the I.O.D.E. Some of us may be ardent Imperialists; others, like Mr. Volcano, seem to tend toward Republicanism, but why shouldn't we love and respect the King of our choice, and project his portrait on theatre screens along with our traditional flag? I think ours is a very beautiful flag, and one full of meaning; I should be sorry to see it replaced by another.

Mr. Volcano dismissed the debatable subject of birth-control in two contemptuous lines, but it is quite possible that many persons take the stand he deprecates. Ignorance of the use of contraceptives is not in itself desirable, but such knowledge without sufficient moral discipline may have harmful effects. Has it ever occurred to you that the widespread use of contraceptive methods of birth-control implies the destruction of the family system and the sanc-

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

With a light heart the G.I.R. went out to play inquiring reporter for the last time, forever and forever. "What, sir or madam, do you think of the reading matter served up to you by The Gateway staff in general and the I.R. in particular, during the past year?" The truth, the whole truth, and nothing else but, is faithfully recorded below.

Kay Stockton, Arts student—"The entire Gateway staff seems to have lost the old college spirit since last fall. It seems to me that there had been a great depreciation in value of contributed articles, while the humor and general tone of the paper has also suffered. Personally, I miss the subtlety, frankness and sarcasm of Taurus. H.W.J. no longer writes the interesting articles he used to. The Casserole Editor apparently has a very small scope of acquaintances as he uses the same names in every issue—this also applies to the "I Saw This Week" column. Yop, sir, at least get a variety of people if nothing else."

"Duke" Ferguson, Pharmacy student—"The Gateway seems all right to me. Why do these critics read it if they think it is so terrible?"

Eleanor McNair, Arts student—"Although this is the first year that I have had the pleasure of reading The Gateway, I think it is a fairly good paper. I will reserve opinion on your writings if you don't mind." (Not a bit.)

Jack McAllister, Law student—"The general trend of Mr. McAllister's statement was to the effect that the works of all Gateway feature writers and columnists, including the I.R., were very terrible indeed. "The rest of the paper is so so," he admitted.

city of marriage? Whether such a destruction is desirable or not is beside the question.

Oh, for the grand old days when kindness, gentleness and romanticism (the much-despised constituents of modern "sentimentalism") made life worth living; the dear old days when Pansies were actually flowers. But, alas! them days is gone forever—at least, until the student of this our University have attained more maturity of judgment. Refrain, O ye hardened intellectuals, from plucking to pieces a poor, sentimental little sparrow, for he has already fallen crushed to the ground.

Farewell, cruel world!

SPARROW.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL CLUB

The University Musical Club will meet for the last time this season on Sunday, March 18, at 3:30, in Athabasca Hall.

The program will be given mostly by University students. The following will take part: Miss Marion Cowell, Mr. Fraser Macdonald, and Mr. Ted Crosby, pianists; Mr. Rudolph Brey, violinist; Mrs. Stanley Smith, 'cellist; Miss Elizabeth Gerwin and Mr. Gordon Sprague, vocalists; Miss Eleanor Gerwin, Mr. Fred Crosby and Mr. L. H. Nichols, accompanists.

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THE

PASSION

PLAY

CO-ED COLUMNS

CO-ED SPORT

By J. F.

With the finish of the Intercollegiate Swimming Meet, all athletic activities on the campus come to a finish for the current year.

Though our girls put up a good fight to the finish, the Saskatchewan swimming and diving champs, Phil Haslam and Dot Preston, garnered the first from every event, and made it a 41-17 victory.

For Alberta, Ev Barnett made the best showing, taking good seconds in the diving and breast strokes.

Betty Fox, from last year's team, garnered in several points for the U. of A. squad. Phyllis Mullen did some excellent stroking.

The Green and Gold relay team composed of Freeman, Fox, Barnett and Swallow, secured an early lead, kept it, and so captured the event "without a struggle."

The Polish and training exhibited by the U. of S. swimming team, due to the fact that swimmers there have an easy access to swimming facilities of their own, were largely responsible for their decisive wins.

In review, looking at major hockey, one sees a well organized team ready to do things next year if their personnel remains at all the same.

In badminton, Nancy Stiell defeated Janet Atkin for the singles crown, after driving the game to three sets by the scores of 11-14, 11-7, 11-6.

Fern Atkinson and Eytan Embury hold the doubles title.

From House League basketball ranks, several recruits will be in shape to join senior practice squads. A complete set of equipment has been secured to facilitate games with outside teams. For an innovation, the services of a coach had been procured for the term.

Of senior basketball we can say little, as we have no definite achievements to attribute to them. However, an attempt was made to sponsor an intermediate team to further an interest in basketball.

The tennis team did not have the pleasure of an intercollegiate match with the U. of S., who were unable to send a team owing to financial reasons. Hence the Green and Gold still hold their title from the previous year.

The track team has a very definite victory to its credit to hand in this year as in the previous years. Several

Growing Old

My youth has gone, and no longer I mourn its going; I am weary of seeking things I could not find; I have made too much of my too little doing— Maybe: I do not mind.

I do not mind, for I have done all that; My life draws to an end like a tale that is told; There but remains to cap it with a moral, Now I am growing old.

Now I am growing old and hopes and fears forsake me, As colour ebbs from this December sky: Thank God, I still am near enough to nature To be content to die.

To be content to die like a frost-conquered creeper, Releasing hold on all things that I knew; Content that Time's deft fingers shall heal over The scar where once I grew.

The scar where once I grew, as one lops from old wall-trees A cankered branch that frays against a pane, So when at last, my fretful voice is silenced, Peace will return again.

Peace will come stealing back along the hedgerows To all these fields I've wearied with my sighs— This landscape which I've loved beyond all measure Yet seen with troubled eyes.

With troubled eyes, but now it brings assurance To know the things I've loved depend no whit on me, But rather from a futile grotesque figure My death will set them free.

—Kenneth Ashley, in The London Mercury.

intercollegiate records were equalled, and the Rutherford Trophy left in its usual home, the University of Alberta. Those on the team were Helen Ford, Jenny Filipkowski, Bea Gillespie and Ellen Erdman.

Altogether, through the smooth efficiency of our popular president, Helen Ford, and through the energetic aid of our cheerful secretary, Norma Christie, the past administration has been marked by a high standard of executive ability, met signal success in general, and achieved renown for athletics in the year 1933-34.

PETTICOATS and PETTIFOGS

The lawyers resented it, you highly resented it, when a young lady in a recent nomination speech attempted to picture for an amused audience the ambassadorial legs of Mr. Bierwagen encased in the frills of a petticoat, and the demure glance of Mr. Tuck half-veiled behind a fan. Surely the exponents of Holdsworth and Thayer could not for one instant confuse a case containing a plea for femininity with a libel accusing the plaintiff of the said femininity. Heaven forbid! And yet, there was considerable wriggling on the, oh so hard seats of Convocation Hall.

This is absolutely no insinuation that next year's Council will resemble an old ladies' home merely because the three major executives are law students. On the contrary, the floor of the house will rather ring with carefully phrased polemics and gracious, if lengthy, speeches. Well-oiled wheels will run smoothly, and the business of the state will continue, uninterrupted by irrational querielings from emotional lady members. The few lady members (as few as the constitution permits, we assure you) will be early subdued by the Olympic utterances of the preponderance.

Maybe we should give Mae West some of the blame. Since her advent, the level, "plain" type of geography has given way to rolling and undulated meadow land. Does this revival of the feminine mood account for the heavy masculine returns at the recent polls? Of course, woman was cut out for the home all the while, even though a few freakish upstarts à la Parly turned her head for a time. Thank heaven sanity has returned to earth.

With this paucity of the disturbing element and the abundance of legal advice, the new Council should do wonders. No embarrassing mistakes shall arise through misinterpretation of the "term of the law." We shall not deed the rink away and then lay down rules to Senate for its control. We shall have all Junior Prom tickets legally disposed of, and by no mistake in any "technicality" shall we find ourselves confronted with a serious court action.

All luck to Hitler and his Hitlerites!

THE CALICO CAT

Much as we would like to end up in a shower of brilliant epigrams, provocative profundities, and a few really nasty subtleties, we can't. We are in a Calico mood, one that would qualify us to explain the intricacies of pastry-making, spring house-cleaning and advice to the mother-of-six. A discouraging way to end up a Varsity year, isn't it? Instead we ought to wax enthusiastic about Wordsworth; recite the temperamental conjugations of some two hundred and fifty irregular German verbs; give the true facts about Alcibiades; or state a few philosophical doctrines—the only one we can remember at the moment is Mind over Matter: "There was a faith-healer of Deal Who said, "Although pain isn't real, If I sit on a pin And it punctures my skin, I dislike what I fancy I feel."

—We don't feel capable of drawing up a neat little plan of our gains from this University year. In fact, it can't be done. The whole is a miscellany of scraps of unassorted Philosophy, when there are fresh buns at Tuck, a few haunting lines of poetry, the right angle at which one should wear one's beret, what people to trust and not to trust, why Englishmen are so conceited, never to look for ulterior motives but always to suspect them, to be able to decipher a professor's handwriting, an appreciation of Heine. It is all an impossible muddle that even Mrs. Darling couldn't tidy, but which is bound to be of use some time or other, except of course exam time.

It is a little sad, and we feel a calico tear slide down our calico cheek, at the thought of saying goodbye to our readers, if we have any; we've often wondered. In any case, we give you our feline blessing, and wish you the best a cat can wish—it doesn't look well in print, but you know what we mean.

—F. M. J.

Through the kindness of The Gateway, I take this opportunity to thank my nominators and my supporters in the recent election. I hope during the ensuing year to justify it to the best of my ability.

MARGARET SMITH.

THE PASSION PLAY

Edmonton to See Canadian Oberammergau for First Time—Cast of De Milleian Proportions Will Re-enact World's Greatest Tragedy.

Those of us who are familiar with the history of the Bavarian village of Oberammergau and its people, who vowed to enact the story of Christ's Passion and Death every ten years, in gratitude for relief from the plague, will be interested in the forthcoming production of the Passion Play.

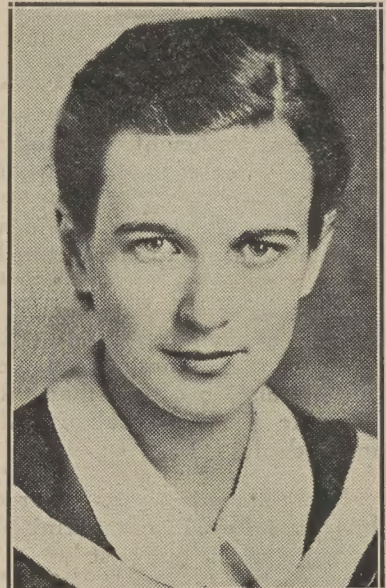
Contrasted with theatrical endeavors of even smaller proportions, the play, now in its 60th production in Canada, is remarkable for the finished acting of its entire cast of some 300 players. All the principals have had two or more years experience with their parts, but to say that they carry the whole burden of the story is to overlook the grim realism of the most bloodthirsty mobs we have seen off the screen. To Jack Henessey, well known on our campus, goes the credit for as fine a piece of directing as has been our pleasure to see in many a year.

Unhindered by plot weakness so often seen in dramatic fiction, the players have been free to concentrate on the fine shades of expression essential to the accurate portrayal of the characters in the World's Greatest Tragedy.

Good bit: Caiaphas, the High Priest, tantalizing Judas with the thirty pieces of silver—Judas saying what he will do with it—Caiaphas spotting the lie, but not letting on.

We can see why 60,000 have already attended the play—in our opinion, it's well worth seeing.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF UNION



MARGARET E. SMITH
Successful candidate in the recent elections, will add charm to the Council and ably manage the Social Directorate.

AN APPRECIATION

To the successful candidates in the recent Students' Union elections, heartfelt congratulations and wishes for success. In any form, even if only in a little way, that my co-operation will help to make this coming term more successful, I shall be most glad to give it. To those who, as my supporters, had confidence in me, I sincerely express my thanks.

J. WOZNOW.

THE WINNER

Would that the entire University, faculty and students, could have witnessed the excellent performance which the Allsopp-Young-Davis-Johnson quartette gave in Calgary last Saturday night. The occasion was the Alberta Regional Drama Festival, and eight one-act plays were produced by casts from various parts of the province. Those of us who were lucky enough to be present, sat completely enthralled, and tingled with pride as our fellows performed. And the applause, both as the curtain fell and after the adjudicator had announced his decision, certainly testified that the audience did not dispute the excellence of the play "Derelict," nor its superiority over the other entries.

Eric Johnson, adjudged the best actor at our own Interyear Play Competition this year, did a marvellous piece of work in the leading role, as John Arlington. He was ably supported by Norah Young as Mary Arlington, and both received high praise from the adjudicator, Mr. Rupert Harvey, of London, England. June Allsopp and Larry Davis were thoroughly delightful, and being skilled actors, carried out their roles to perfection.

Mr. E. J. Thorlakson, the author of "Derelict," is a high school teacher in Calgary, and he himself took a part in the play produced by the Calgary Theatre Guild, "The Undercurrent." He expressed himself as being highly delighted with the interpretation of his play. And after all, who should know better than the author how a play is meant to be acted?

This was a provincial dramatic festival, bringing together dramatic talent from eight different centres. In the keen competition which ensued, the winning play was one written by a Calgarian, produced in Calgary by the University Dramatic Society at Edmonton, and the leading role was brilliantly taken by a student from Lethbridge. How better could the honors have been divided?

We are all proud of the way in which these four talented actors have represented our University in the field of dramatics. They have earned the splendid opportunity of presenting their play in Ottawa at the end of April. We offer them our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

—M. W. M.

POT POURRI

A Gateway Dilettante Lachrymously Exits, With Observations on College Men and Women, and a Question Concerning William Blake.

By Percival Hodnut

Your overtown correspondent becomes a bit morbid as the time arrives for his Gateway leave-taking. The tear ducts threaten to excrete, the proud and, at the moment, clean-shaven chin droops a trifle, the lips are tremulous; our Skrip-filled Waterman (advert.) quivers 'neath the press of a sentimental palsy.

Walpole, who has served three generations of Hodnuts faithfully and well, snuffs yet another taper and draws the shades; we'll have no public exhibition of our grief.

We Steele a Little Thunder

As other gifted men have done, we hold that the proper (and amusing) study of mankind is Man. Which is why we sometimes take a minute or two off on a Saturday afternoon to watch the comings and goings of the populace. From our stand on a corner curbstone, we watch in particular the lads and lasses we suspect to be university students.

Individually, the University Men are not glaringly what they are, collectively, they can be spotted unerringly. The individual is usually identified only when he smokes a pipe: we have seen many pipe-smokers in our time, but few of them have shown acquaintance with the Varsity man's technique (notably, that of the Law student). This technique calls for rolling the pipe in circumferential fashion, sucking noisily, and chewing the stem at odd times, for all the world like a nipper worrying his Sani-Neck bottle.

Oh, Essay!

We don't intend to prolong this blurb into a high school essay. It would be interesting to outline our recognition of co-eds by their mannerisms of speech and action, but we've been frightened off that theme by one of those same university women—at one-thirty this morning, if the time element intrigues you. We'll dare to remind you, or acquaint you with the signs of one co-ed type, however: if you are sitting alone at a table in a tea shop and someone behind or otherwise located murmurs in a strained voice, "You know, ours is a small town, and doesn't allow one any scope. Mother doesn't seem to realize how fatal to my efforts at self-expression such an environment is"—when you hear some such rot as that (we have heard it on two occasions), you can be sure there's a co-ed at least one hue present: one of the Soul Mate seekers.

Obviously and fortunately there are other kinds of university women, not all much better but certainly no worse.

We Aren't In-scents-ible to Charm
We went Sissy on you in the above. If this had not been the last issue of the year, it would have been fair for us to yield to our temptation to (figuratively) lift some of the co-eds out of their scented Pembina boudoirs with a little honest opinion spouting. We'd have done the same by the males.

A Blake Outlook
"With a single exception, every edition of his poems up to the present time" has contained a multitude of textual errors which, in the case of any other writer of equal eminence, would have been well-nigh inconceivable. The great majority of these

ESCAPE

Our revels now are ended. No more deadlines Harass us with their arbitrary sway. No more we see The Gateway's punning headlines Of all the campus high-lights of the day.

No more at two a.m. with inky fingers And aching heads, scribbling against the time, We try to think, while inspiration lingers, And put our thoughts in most atrocious rhyme.

No more we write of hockey game or formal, Elections, plays and concerts all are past. Our twisted intellects return to normal, The weary Gateway hack finds peace at last.

—L. W.

errors were not the result of accident: they were the result of deliberate falsification."

It was away back in 1906 that Lytton Strachey made this observation, in a commentary on "The Poetical Works of William Blake," by John Sampson, Librarian in the University of Liverpool. Mr. Sampson had included in his work letter-press originals, verbatim text from manuscript, and other pertinent data to show that too many eager and incompetent editorial hands had changed and mutilated Blake's poetry.

Tyger: Stripe Me Pink

Our point in bringing up the Clarendon Press 1905 publication of the Sampson debunking book hinges on the fact that out of dozens of several of the poem beginning "I told my love, I told my love," not quotations of Blake's "Tyger" and one we have read has given what Mr. Sampson so long ago showed to be the correct versions. In quoting the first, even recent anthologies and critical studies give us

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright," instead of Blake's "Tyger! Tyger! burning bright." As Strachey says, who can fail to perceive the difference? This is but one of the detrimental changes editors made in this poem.

The second example of know-it-all high-handedness gives the title "Love's Secret" to the line beginning "I told my love, etc." and ends the poem with

"Soon after she was gone from me, A traveller came by, Silently, invisibly: He took her with a sigh."

Mr. Sampson's reference to the original manuscript shows the true reading to be "Soon as she was gone from me, A traveller came by, Silently, invisibly: O! was no deny."

The title given the poem under previous editing did not come from Blake.

After all these years, it seems not unreasonable to ask why we are not being given the correct reproductions of Blake's works. So far as we are aware, there is no evidence of bunk on John Sampson's part, and the popularity of Blake still seems sufficient to warrant editorial justice. Lack of that justice brings the scholarship of those editors into question.

Adios, Amigos

We managed to conclude in high-brow fashion after all. Is it too much to ask you to believe that we like both the high-brow and the low-brow stuff? We thought so. It doesn't prevent us bidding farewell with wishes for the success of youse mugs.

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SPORTS



FIVE MEN RECEIVE MAJOR SPORT AWARDS

Rugby Star Graduates



WILF HUTTON

Who has starred on senior rugby team for five seasons, received a major award this year.

AG-COM COP CAMPUS HOCKEY TITLE 4-2

Ag-Com Take 1933-34 Interfac. Championship

The Ag-Com team won the inter-faculty hockey championship when they defeated the powerful Engineer squad 4-2 in a rousing overtime tilt. The first game of the play-off resulted in a 2-1 victory for the Science. The Ag-Com boys retaliated with an equally merited win 1-0 to even things.

The outcome of the third and deciding game aroused considerable interest amongst "the boys" with the odds in favor of the weightier Engineers. The game was fast, clean and rugged, and produced some good play. The Engineers enjoyed a short-lived lead when Campbell let in a weak blue line shot by McKee. The Ag-Com teamwork was superior, and finally asserted itself in the second period when Canty and Semeniuk counted on close-in tallies. From this point on the Ag-Com defended their lead ably, and seemed headed for a victory when a penalty in the last moments of play cost them their

WOMEN'S PRESIDENT



KAY SWALLOW

Newly-elected president of Women's Athletics, who has been prominent in basketball, tennis and swimming.

advantage, as Len Parks drove home the equalizer in a goal-mouth scrimmage.

This apparently "burned up" the Ag-Com combination, for within two minutes of the start of the overtime session, Bob Gibson, husky pivot, rammed home two goals to put the result definitely in the Ag-Com team's favor.

Ag-Com—Campbell, Thomson, McElroy, Gibson, Canty, Hardacre, Love, Semeniuk, Polomark and McCormick.

Science—Devaney, Parks, Boles, Robertson, Gordon, Ford, McKee, Lewis, Ussher and Millar.

Referee—Brother Phillip.

SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

President-elect Bierwagen, in an interview, is reported to have stated that a "reorientation of athletic policy will be necessary to raise the standard of achievement."

Just where our new President intends to start with his reorientation process we do not know, but the idea is a timely one. It is quite evident that students will not support a team that is not at least a potential winner.

Three senior men's teams—hockey, basketball and rugby—are more than this University can adequately support. The hockey team did not have much in the way of travelling expenses this year, and had a fairly successful season.

The basketball team had to go out of town to get opposition, and was thus placed in an unfavorable position financially from the first. Nevertheless, the Edmonton Grads notwithstanding, this is not, and never will be, a basketball town.

With artificial ice promised for next year in the city, hockey will be increasingly popular and basketball decreasingly so. From a financial point of view, is not senior basketball competition in a provincial league infeasible?

Senior rugby has the advantage of catching the students' enthusiasm at its height after the start of the term, and what is more, at a time when each student has an extra shilling to spend.

To offset this advantage, a rugby team has a retinue that requires a prince's ransom to meet travelling and equipment expenses.

The University has stars in every line, but the day when one star and enough men to fill the other positions made a team has gone past. It is not reasonable to expect that a University with a male population of less than one thousand should be able to field a team to equal the Calgary Altomahs when the city of Edmonton cannot do it.

Intercollegiate sport is our only hope for fair competition, and while finances will not permit that, the development of junior and interfac teams is our best bet.

While it would be nice to emulate eastern university teams in athletic prowess, it would be advisable to pause a while and take stock of our resources, and compare with theirs. We do not draw our Freshmen from colleges of the same athletic calibre as they do. Many eastern prep schools could field a rugby or hockey team that would put our own to shame.

We depend upon Freshmen for much of our material, while eastern colleges do not even permit them to play on senior teams. Last but not least, we have no wealthy alumnus to support us when student finances fail.

President Bierwagen can expect real co-operation from Don Wilson and Ev Borgal in any attempt he may make at rehabilitation of athletics. It will be a pleasure to have a Union President with some constructive ideas in mind concerning the campus white elephant—Men's Athletics.

Highest Honors Conferred Five Outstanding Players

Three of Which Are Graduating Seniors, Two Undergraduates

This year five major sport awards are being presented to outstanding sportsmen on the campus for exceptional service to the University senior teams. The men on whom this honor is being conferred are: Fred Gale, retiring president of Men's Athletics, and captain of the senior rugby squad; Guy Kinnear, flashy forward of the senior hockey team for the past three years; Wilf Hutton, who for the past few years has been one of the mainstays of the rugby team in the position of end; Ralph Maybank, whose miraculous goalkeeping on the hockey squad has earned for

him this coveted honor in two years; and Len Parks, hard-hitting lineman of the gridiron aggregation. The increase in the number of these awards being given this year is due greatly to the efforts of Ernie Ayre, retiring secretary of Men's Athletics.

Minor awards this year have been presented to all the regular players on the winning interfac teams of each sport.

It is to be hoped that there will be as many sportsmen in the field next year as there has been during this term.

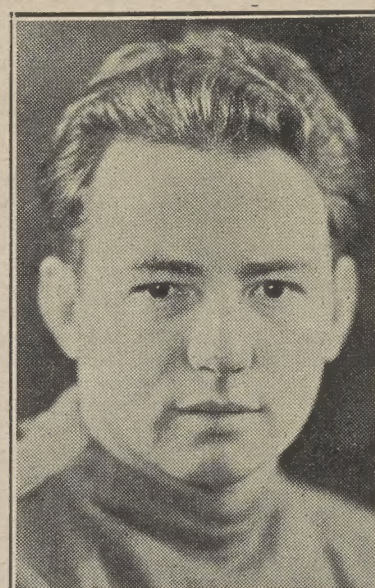
HOCKEY WIZARD



GUY KINNEAR

Graduating hockey captain, who received a major award.

DEMON GOALIE



RALPH MAYBANK

Whose goal-tending for the senior hockey team this year brought very favorable comment from sports scribes in two provinces, and who was materially responsible for the winning of the Halpenny Cup series.

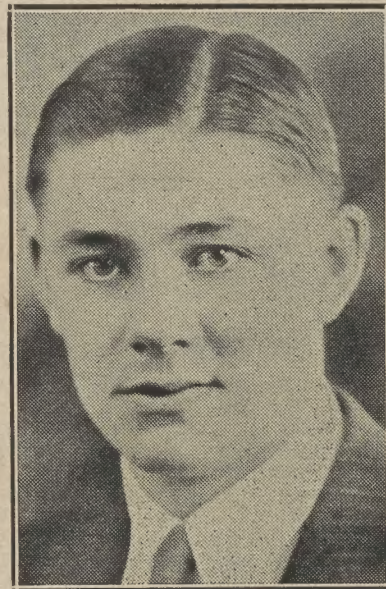
The Big Push



LEN PARK

Heavy hitting line plunger for the Golden Bears, who was given membership in the Big Block Club.

PAST PRESIDENT



FRED GALE

Retiring president of Men's Athletics, who is a graduating member of the Big Block Club.

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A Grave Injustice Indeed

By C. Hick's Cafe, Edmonton, Alberta, Jan. 20, 1934.

Dear Pop,—I am writing to let you know that I have a job washing dishes in Hick's Cafe, as I have decided to leave Varsity for good, on account of I feel that the cafe business has much more to offer a man of my abilities and temperament. I feel that dish-washing is a profession which is little understood, and unjustly scorned, as we have here an air of cultured refinement, which I am sorry to say, is sadly lacking in parts of the University, e.g., the Faculty run by Dean Schmalz. Moreover, I will even go so far as to say that even if I could get another job, I would probably stay here purely for the cultural aspect.

You have no doubt heard many scurrilous reports about my conduct last week, which I may say are all untrue, and very unjust indeed, as I am always very discreet in my behavior, except that many people take advantage of my kind and generous nature to put me in awkward positions. Since there is a great deal of misunderstanding on these recent events, I will tell you just how they happened, so that you can see for yourself that I am the victim of a grave injustice. In fact, I will go so far as to say that if Dean Schmalz had not gone out of his way to give me such low marks on the Christmas exams, he would never have been put in the hoose-gow, and I would not be washing dishes, which is indeed honest work, and is especially cultural in such a high-class joint as Hick's.

It all starts when Dean Schmalz has me up in his office for making such low marks on my exams, although I wish to state that it is indeed unjust to give me such low marks, as it is well known to all and sundry that my exams are marked unduly harshly. In fact, you can see for yourself that when they give me as low as 5 1/2 in Physics that there is something wrong with the system of marking. Moreover, I consider giving a miserable mark of 5 1/2 to a student who has been at Varsity for three months nothing short of a nasty insult. Well, Dean Schmalz speaks to me of my marks, and other incidents, most of which are untrue, and then goes on to say that I should be thrown out of Varsity on my ear. He is hitting on all six by now, and proceeds to call me, and my roommate, Pat Gill, a couple of disgraceful drunken bums, which is a very great libel indeed, as we are by no means disgraceful. Then he puts forward the proposition that causes all the trouble.

It is a matter of general knowledge that his daughter, Lucy Schmalz, and my room-mate, Pat, are very much in love, but old Schmalz cannot see Pat with the Richmond Hill telescope. In fact, the old pelican goes so far as to state that if he catches Pat around the house he will personally exterminate him. Now, old Schmalz says to me that he suspects Pat and Lucy are arranging to elope. Furthermore, he goes on to say that if I will keep my glims on Pat, and tip the old fogey off when the elopement is arranged, he will be very lenient with me, and will reconsider my marks.

When I express my horror at such a bargain, he states that it is against his principles to tamper with marks, but he is willing to do anything to keep such a miserable drunken bum out of his family. When he puts it that way I agree with him, as it seems a great shame to me that such a swell guy as Pat should have such an old turtle for a father-in-law. Moreover, I am eager to have my marks fixed up, as I realize that I really deserve to have them much

higher. In fact, I am convinced that the Faculty is out get me on the exams, because I am in the jug four times last month, although it is well known to all and sundry that these are all cases of mistaken identity.

That evening when I go to our room I find Pat sitting at the table, weeping bitterly into a glass of our best home-brew. I put my hand on his shoulder, and ask, "Why are you so sad, ole pal, ole pal?"

To which he replies with heart-rending sobs: "Oh, why am I ever born? Old Schmalz will not allow me to marry my beloved Lucy, and there is nothing more to live for. In fact, I am just considering jumping from the High Level Bridge to end my life of sorrow. Oh, the injustice of it all!"

I see that he is indeed in a bad way, so I decide to cheer him up. I help myself to some home-brew, and very soon the tragedy of the situation strikes me rather forcibly, and I too begin to weep out of sympathy. So we drink the home-brew, and weep on each other's shoulders, and speak of the cruelty of fate, and the perfidy of Dean Schmalz. Suddenly, I have a bright idea, and suggest that he carry Lucy off by force like the knights of old. Pat declares that this is indeed a brilliant idea, and begins to wonder where he can get a horse and a suit of armour. I can see right away that the home-brew is affecting him, as he is very unsteady and has an alarming habit of breaking in to twins every now and again. Therefore I decide to go with him to see that the elopement goes off in a proper and fitting manner.

Before we leave the house, however, I remember my promise to Dean Schmalz, so I go to the telephone and ring him up. When I tell him that we are coming around to elope with his daughter, he is very enraged, and I may add that when he becomes enraged he is very enraged indeed. By and by, however, he cools off, and thanks me for letting him know. I now feel very elated indeed when I rejoin Pat, as I feel sure that now the injustice of my exam marks will be fixed up.

After this we go around to the Schmalz house, arriving there along about 1 a.m. I am glad to see that Pat is rapidly sobering up. In fact, he is so rapidly coming under control that he is able to hold me up practically all the way.

When we arrive, Pat states that we must find a ladder, as all elopements are done with ladders. We look around, but are unable to find any ladder whatsoever. However, I discover a block and tackle in a garage close by, and we decide that this will do, if we can get the hook over the eavestrough. This at first presents a difficulty, but finally Pat, who is a great rugby player, manages to throw the block with the hook on so that it hooks neatly over the eavestrough, although this makes a great deal of noise, and I begin to wonder where Dean Schmalz is meanwhile. Pat now stands on the pulley, and I try to hoist him to the window, but he weighs close on two hundred pounds, so that I am unable to budge him.

We now try to attract Lucy's attention by throwing gravel at the window, but as nothing stirs inside, she must be sleeping like an Engineer at a math lecture, which is very sound indeed. The window is open, so I take a rock about the size of a man's fist and toss it up in hope that the clatter will wake her up. The rock sails neatly through the window, whereupon muffled sounds of curing issue forth, which brings me to realize that old Schmalz is all the time in the room waiting for us, probably with a shotgun. Pat hears the sounds, but puts them down to distant thunder, which they greatly resemble, although it is the middle of January and the sky is clear.

Pat now states that there is only one thing left to do, which is for him to hoist me up to the window. When I think of what is in the room, I try to find an excuse for going home, but as I have said before, Pat weighs close on two hundred pounds and is very stubborn indeed, so up I go. When I reach the window I see Schmalz in his pajamas surrounded by such heavy artillery as pails of water, and a couple of baseball bats. In fact, I am about a receive a pail of water when he sees it is not Pat, so he beckons me to come in, and in I go.

He is just about to tell me what

Law Scandals of '34

By The Vice-Chancellor
Willie Scott, the notorious play-boy and heartbreaker, climaxed a hectic season yesterday when he delivered an awe-inspiring oration on "The Secret of My Success" to the innocents of the first year.

We understand that Bill Epstein was taken violently ill last week, after the herculean task of turning every color of the spectroscope. A well-known authority suggested cigarettes might have been the cause.

It seems Ed. McCormick, the well-known Taurus, has decided to emulate the better known Tarzan. But after a series of catcalls and attacks upon various females, he returned sadly to his desk regretting the modern professor's lack of humor.

R. J. Samuels in his infancy (at least two years ago) harbored the ambition to become a Mounted Policeman. It seems he has now realized his childhood dream and joined the "Redcoats." Or perhaps he is playing at being a radish—red on the outside and white inside.

Art Bierwagen was so good this week that even his best friends wouldn't tell. But watch your step, "Trexy," our private man goes there too.

Tooke Mackie and Bruce Whittaker were noticed wandering furtively down the "Main Drag." In close pursuit we followed them down devious lanes, streets and across vacant lots. Finally they approached a house, and after looking about to see if anyone was watching they crept in. While debating whether to call the police or an ambulance, we were startled by a shriek of terror followed by sounds of a free-for-all fight issuing from the said house. Rushing up, we looked in a window, and what do you think we saw? You're right—Tooke and his orchestra rehearsing. Whatalife!

Bert Ramelson, the hard, cruel and voracious judge, has fell for one of the fair sex. However, to misguide reporters he has assumed a disguise

(Continued on Page Six)

he thinks of me when we hear the key click in the bedroom door. Whereupon Lucy sings out, "Good-bye, papa. I'll send someone around later to let you out." At this point the old porpoise starts to pull on the door, but it is securely locked. He then lets loose such a flood of choice language that I blush with shame. Then he rushes to the window, and on the way gets all tangled up in the pails of water and the baseball bats, but he finally reaches it in time to see Lucy and Pat depart in his new car.

His language now becomes so degrading that I no longer wish to remain in the same room with him. Therefore I suggest that if he wishes to follow them, I will lower him by means of the pulley. At first he considers this method too undignified, although he looks anything but dignified with his wet pajamas sticking to him here and there. However, since this is the only way, he finally hooks the rope around his waist, and I begin to lower him. But when he is halfway down the rope sticks, as Pat has absent-mindedly tied the loose end to the drain pipe near the ground, so I am unable to lower him any further.

Dean Schmalz now becomes very noisy and profane, and keeps shouting at the top of his voice, "Let me down, you damned idiot," which I consider very horrifying indeed, as by this time a large crowd of neighbors has gathered below. In spite of the things he calls me, I do my best to pull him back into the room, but he is so heavy that I can only left him two or three feet, after which I have to let him drop. He does not seem to appreciate my kind-hearted attempts to raise him, as every time I let him drop he says, "Ooof," and then lets forth a loud abominable flood of words, so that finally I have to desist, in order to keep him from offending the public morals at Calder, which is five miles away.

By this time the neighbors are complaining six blocks away, so that two police cars and a patrol wagon come rolling up, equipped with machine guns and tear gas bombs. But they are unable to reach Dean Schmalz, as his struggles have slipped the knot in the rope out of reach, so they call out the Fire Department. It is about this time that I break down the bedroom door and escape through a rear window. As I climb over the back fence I catch a glimpse of six policemen having an awful time putting Dean Schmalz in the patrol wagon, which I consider very poor judgment indeed on the Dean's part, as it is a principle of mine always to go very quietly into a patrol wagon, especially when I am outnumbered by such a large amount.

This is how Dean Schmalz is put in the jug, which I may say is one of the best jugs in Alberta, although the one in Calgary is not to be sneezed at. Furthermore, there are certain horrid rumors around and about, to the effect that I am thrown out of Varsity, but this is untrue, as I leave of my own accord, and you will see from the above that these libelous reports do me a grave injustice, as I always do my best to help all and sundry. Moreover, I will go so far as to state that if I am not given such ridiculously low marks, Dean Schmalz would not be thrown into the jug, which is a very fine jug indeed, and I would not be washing dishes, although this is a very cultured profession in such a high-class joint as Hick's.

Your loving son,

ELMER.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD

By Fraser Macdonald
Wild boys of the road, homeless waifs who wander about the country, working when they can, eating and living as best as they can; kids who leave home, most of them, because they know that their absence will mean one less mouth to feed. They have no place to go, and no place to stay. Kids who ought to be in school, and might have been in school had things been different. To politicians and others they constitute a problem; but to us other humans they are a tragedy.

Both the problem and the tragedy are set forth in the motion picture "Wild Boys of the Road." Two high school boys, both of whose parents are out of work, decide to run away and try and find a job in Chicago. Which of course they can't do. They become vagabonds, just like hundreds others with whom they are travelling, and wander all around the country. One of the boys falls under a train and has his foot cut off. He continues the endless journey on crutches. The three friends (for they have been joined by a girl similarly homeless) finally end up in a juvenile court in New York, where an understanding judge helps them find jobs and promise to return home as soon as possible.

The story is told with stark unsentimental realism; it is gripping and almost too harrowing to bear, were it not for the occasional touches of pathos that release the flood-gates of tears. The acting is so real that it is hard to realize that it is acting; after seeing the picture one has the feeling of having witnessed something actual, of having been watching, not a moving picture, but real people in real, too real life. And when one remembers how child actors on the screen, even the best of them, seldom convince one that they are doing other than acting, then the fact that I cannot shake off the feeling that they were really Eddie and Tommy and Sally that I was seeing, and not Frankie Darrow, Edwin Phillips, and Dorothy Connon, speaks for itself. Frank Darrow I have seen since he was a little fellow (perhaps you saw him recently in "The Mayor of Hell"), but the other two are new. Those kids were perfect. So was the direction, by William Wellman, who resisted any temptation to overstress anything, or make a preachment, or to people it with Dickensian characters—it is no Oliver Twist; he has allowed a bald narrative with real people tell its own story and make its own appeal. There is nothing sentimental in it (I fear it is this article which has that fault, but I can't help it). The happy, or at least hopeful, ending of the picture is a relief to us, nor is it false to life, although every Wild Boy is not so fortunate. Those who were listening to a Seth Parker program a few weeks ago heard several boys and young men who were being restored to their families.

And this summer I myself participated in such a homecoming. We ran a hot-dog stand at the Edmonton Exhibition last summer (or rather, it ran us), and we came into contact with more than a few of these wanderers. Kids of all ages, from all over the U.S. and Canada. They follow the shows around. I remember one poor little fellow who went all around the grounds begging for paper and envelope and postage-stamp; we brought him into our place to write his letter, a letter beginning "Dear Mother. . . ." His home was in Brandon, he told us; he hadn't been gone very long.

But there were others, a little more hard-boiled. There were four fellows whom we got to know quite well, who used to hang around our stand, and use it as a meeting-place. They would occasionally get odd jobs, and bum meals wherever they could. One of the church booths, they told me, would not give them anything. One of the most prominent churches in town, at that. Two of the chaps were from Vancouver, one from Toronto, and one, Bill Welland, was from Edmonton; he was nineteen years old and had run away from home when he was twelve; he had never been back since, although he had passed through the town several times. They were all four decent ordinary fellows—I could stand in the rotunda of the Arts Building and say, "You remind me of Lefty; you remind me of Rennie; and you, you remind me of George."

We had Bill working for us in the stand toward the end of the week; a little girl stopped and looked at him, and said "Aren't you Billy?" It was his sister. They persuaded him to come home for dinner. And then they persuaded him to stay home. Where he is now, I guess, although I have never seen him since.

There was another chap I met whose pal, he told me, had a peg leg. So you see that for Tommy to lose his leg in "Wild Boys of the Road" was not just the author's invention to pile on the agony. There really are wandering boys like that.

Tommy, in the picture, had no peg leg; he used a crutch. One of the most pathetic incidents in the picture is when Eddie steals an artificial leg for him; but it doesn't fit, and it is the wrong leg. Nor have I ever seen a more heart-breaking moment than the final bit: Eddie to express his joy turns several handspins—and then looks up to discover with a shock that Tommy is watching him, the sadness in his eyes mutely expressive. Eddie walks up to him, remorseful at his own tactlessness; neither boys says a word, till Eddie finally throws his arm around his shoulder and says, "Come on, Tommy," and helps him into the car; and the picture ends. That was the last straw.

The picture is not all gloom; it has its many light moments, many touches

(Continued on Page Six)

The Power of the Press

By H. W. J.
The power of the press to injure individuals and to deceive the public is stupendous, and its immunity is almost complete. Many instances, some of recent occurrence, illustrate the mischief that can be done by an unscrupulous newspaper. Only one or two dailies in the whole of the U.S. and Canada can plead "not guilty" to this charge of misrepresenting and distorting facts to suit preconceived judgments and policies.

The substitution of personal opinion or catchy sensationalism for news, while it is harmless when applied to trivial matters, may assume serious proportions when the characters of inoffensive citizens, officials and representatives are dragged through the mud on the basis of unsubstantiated rumors. Untold suffering and wrecked careers result from the publication of unfounded accusations made by irresponsible people not worth suing for criminal libel. The full report of divorce trials creates an injustice by throwing the lime-light of publicity on people not involved in the case, yet, through the evidence brought out, put inn a unenviable position. There they are for all the world to judge, yet, they are denied the opportunity of defending their personal integrity. Here the dailies have placed the witness on trial.

This unjust and decadent practice is becoming all too common. The only justification offered for it is that the public must be fed the truth in order to form unbiased opinions about everything in general. To the Goddess of Truth therefore burnt offerings in the form of wounded sensibilities go up every day.

It would not be quite so bad if everybody was treated alike, but this is not the case. Privileged advertisers, politicians of the same complexion as the paper, escape unscathed and are the subject of laudatory editorials, while those disagreeing with its opinions are ignored; except in cases where censure can be visited on their heads. A poor homeless drifter receives half a column in the police news, while no mention is made of a drunken lawyer of high standing who runs foul of the police.

However, we should not be too hard on the news staff of a daily. Theirs is a hard task. Space must be filled in a hurry; no time can be taken for verification except in important instances. Hence it is a wonder that news is as reliable as it is.

News is manufactured in the editorial offices, usually around a foundation of actual occurrences, but occasionally, based upon the desires of the publishers. Everyone has noticed the discrepancies in accounts of incidents he has witnessed himself.

Many of these errors are accidental, and thus to be condoned. As a rule they do little harm. But it is intentional deception by actual falsehood, by inference, by omission or coloration of news that causes unnecessary disaster.

To cite a case a long way from home, though many instances in Canada come to mind, a prominent New York paper was the chief offender by instigating a murder trial costing the county \$35,000; that held Harry Carpenter in prison for four months without trial; that kept in jail Henry Stevens, charged with murdering a woman of whom he had never heard, and Willie Stevens, who had done nothing to arouse suspicion; that persecuted Mrs. Hall with insinuations and publicity, though no evidence was produced to show any knowledge on her part of the affair that cost her husband his life; and necessitated the expenditure of a fortune by unjustly accused persons. All this agony and expense was suffered by innocent people because of

THE GUNSMITH AND THE ARMOR TRUST

(With apologies to Lewis Carol)
The gunsmith and the armor trust
Were walking on the shore;
They wept like anything to see
The nations all at war,—
"But if they keep it up," they said,
Our stocks will surely soar."

"O workers, will you shoot with us?"
The gunsmith did beseech.
"A gentlemanly exercise
It pays us well to teach;
And since we love neutrality
We'll give a fun to each."

A million men from East to West
Came running with a bound.
"We must defend our land," they said,
"So many thieves are round";
And this was odd, for none of them
Possessed a foot of ground.

"A pretext old," the gunsmith told,
"But pretty sure to suit,
A flag insulted may afford
Or new commercial route,—
So if you're ready, workers, dear,
Let us begin to shoot."

"But not at them," the East declared
Turning a little blue,
After such friendship that would be
A dismal thing to do."
"Now be prepared," the gunsmith said,
Before they fire on you."

"And wait a bit," the West replied,
"Before we shoot our brothers;
For some of them have wives at home
And all of them have mothers."
"Now hustle," said the armor trust;
"They're awful brutes, those others."

"I weep for you," the gunsmith said,
"Deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Shells of the largest size;
With a Red Cross subscription list
He wiped his streaming eyes.

"Now, workers," said the ormor trust,
"You've nobly fought and bled;
Shall we go home to celebrate"
But not a word was said,—
And this was hardly odd, because
They all of them were dead.
—By Jessie Wallace Hughan in "The Challenge of Mars and Other Verses."

Contributed by Women's International League, Edmonton Branch.

false reports spread by the press.

It is quite evident that this newspaper was more concerned with increasing its circulation than in securing justice. This conclusion follows from reviewing the methods employed. The only evidence produced was evidence that was indisputably doctored. An identification by moonlight of a person unknown, a revival of a case decided four years before, and the arrest of Mrs. Hall for allegedly taking a bribe to keep silent, so that the above-mentioned newspaper could secure a beat in the next morning's edition, are other features of this unfortunate incident.

This is only one illustration among many of the extremities to which excessive zeal for securing news may

(Continued on Page Six)

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Admission: Ladies 25c, Gents 35c
Refreshments will be served

Financial Commission Gives Report Next Friday

CHEMISTS HOLD FIRST BANQUET

The first annual banquet of the Chemistry Society was held last Friday at the Corona Hotel, and was pronounced an outstanding success by the sixty-odd guests who were in attendance. A distinctly "chemical" atmosphere was provided by the numerous pieces of chemical apparatus and the ingenious miniature set-ups which adorned the table-tops. Nor did the menu leave much to be desired by the true chemist; it featured everything from asbestos soup to spirits of nitre and rolls of sulphur. Unfortunately, the critical constants of the various "unknowns" had not been annotated; but these were soon determined by the undaunted scientists present.

The toast to the King was proposed by the toastmaster, Mr. Wilbert Jobe. Mr. Stan C. Lynn proposed the toast to the University. Dr. Wallace, in responding thereto, sketched some of his experiences in the study of chemistry in his undergraduate days, and recalled several most interesting anecdotes in this connection. He expressed his pleasure at the interest in chemistry manifested by the number of students present, and expressed the hope that this year's function of the society would be the precursor of many more. The toast to the Department of Chemistry was proposed by Mr. Morris Liskear, and was responded to by Dr. J. W. Shipley. The toast to the graduates was proposed by Dr. O. J. Walker, and replied to by Mr. James A. Fraser. The toast to the demonstrators was proposed by Mr. Victor Hess, and replied to by Mr. E. T. Margolis.

A most entertaining and witty program followed the toasts. The first item was a farcical skit, "The Doctorate Examination," which was written and directed by Mr. J. H. Cooper. Those participating were Messrs. W. Jobe, E. T. Margolis, J. White, V. Thomas, J. H. Shipley, D. W. Wooley, and J. H. Cooper. This presentation was followed by two vocal selections by A. Milner, accompanied by Mr. D. Bruser. Mr. H. H. Beech, assisted by Messrs. Jock Cameron and Ronnie Wallace, then presented the extremely humorous skit entitled "Properties of Heavy Water." The program was concluded by the showing of two motion picture films.

The committee, to whose tireless efforts the success of this banquet is due, consisted of Messrs. W. Jobe, J. H. Cooper, E. T. Margolis, J. P. Collier, and D. W. Wooley. It is hoped that the Chemistry Society will make this an annual affair, and that future executives of the club will meet with equal, if not greater, success in the sponsoring of so enjoyable a function.

Emanations from the chemists' banquet:

A desiccator is a home for crucibles, where they cool off after having had a hot time.

Hard water is ice.

A gas is a dry liquid.

Aqueous tension is that law which allows a fly to walk on water.

Valence is the appetite of an element.

Le Chatelier's principle is, if a thing has a strain put on it, the thing will assume the most comfortable position.

Kisses were discovered by an old alchemist named Adam. He was ably assisted in this work by Eve, to whom much of the credit is due. Kisses occur both in the combined and the free state, the latter in parks, automobiles, etc.

An atom is the first man.

The element Woman (symbol: Wo) tends to form Anneions and cat-ions. Certain un-ions have been known. It is probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent known.

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ELECTRICAL CLUB MEETS WEDNESDAY

Harry Prevey Speaks of Distribution Transformers

Harry (High-Voltage) Prevey astounded the lads at the Electrical Club meeting on Wednesday afternoon by his uncanny knowledge of the why, wherefore and what-not of Distribution Transformers.

Harry started at the origin of transformers, traced their history, described their construction, and explained their function with the help of a few illustrations projected on a screen.

Mr. Prevey held his audience spell-bound with his forceful manner, his unlimited vocabulary and his impressive use of technical terms such as "transformer" and distribution. In fact, the talk was so good that Mr. E. E. Bishop wishes he had stayed to hear it, instead of twittering all afternoon.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD

(Continued from Page Five)

of comedy—which of course only serve to heighten the tragedy. Also the picture moves well, it is not a bit draggy. Moreover, the characters are all human. There are no wicked villains; the authors indict nobody for the conditions. There is no flaming propaganda. We are just shown the fate of these three youngsters, and see over their shoulders the whole army of others.

This is a picture that everyone ought to see. It may break your heart, but it will open your eyes. For it is all true. It is a real problem: what is going to become of these wild boys of the road? Remember that these vagabond children are not a class apart. They might have been you and I, had luck been different. They are not bad boys. Indeed, children who have the courage and self-sacrifice to give up home and family because they feel that they are too much of a burden for their parents to support must have a nobility of character that we would do well to envy. But starvation knows no law; what are they to become? It isn't every judge who is as sympathetic as the one Eddie met. Nor need we sit back and think that it is too bad about those poor children away down in the United States; it is here in Canada just exactly as much as it is here. There have always been runaway children; but the depression has produced them by the thousands, just as it has decreased their prospects in the same proportion.

What is to become of them, and what can you and I do to help them?

MORE NOTES FROM OTHER UNIVERSITIES

The Ubysey's page of Muck-amuck is a great spot to spend fifteen or twenty minutes. The following are a couple of choice bits which may explain why we get such a kick out of it:

Muck Soup

By the Four Mucks Brothers
Life is a muckery. Having decided to save the world for demuck-reck, we are about to run amuck. So muck the most of it.

We take pleasure in presenting a truly amazing invention, the fruit of the misguided brain (?) of one of our number. It is none other than horseless garage—aw, heck, you a gaseless horriage—we mean, a know, a care with no gas. The idea is this—black bodies absorb heat better than white. So we paint the back wheels black, and the front wheels white; the black back wheels (say it fast six times) get hotter than the front wheels and expand, thus raising the rear axle. The car now runs downhill. To stop, pour cold water on the back wheels, thus causing them to contract. The car the front wheels black and the back may easily be reversed by painting left wheels black. Left turns are ones white. To turn right paint the prohibited. (Pat. Applied for.)

We feel sure that this care will be an even greater success than the classic vehicles in which you sit in the back half, and push the front half, this part, in turn, pulling the back half.

The Co-ed's Prayer

"Lord, make me a good girl, but don't always make me remember I'm being a good girl. Make somebody ask me to the class party so I won't have to go in the draw and let it be somebody good-looking, Lord, so Bill will be jealous. Give me strength to refuse chocolate cake and marshmallow sundaes. Let the history exam be a pipe and let my hair stay clean until Saturday night so I won't have to wash out the marcel. Make Dick write me every day and let him not meet any blondes. And make my eyes look like stars and my new dress fit tight in the back. Amen."

One hundred and fifty-three intelligent college students and three professors signed a pledge at Akron University that they would submit to decapitation on Feb. 17. They had not read what they had undersigned. What a chance for a collegiate "Yellow Kid" Weil!

The students at the University of Michigan voted in favor of the modification of the rule which puts a ban on the use of automobiles. Only students with degrees are to be permitted to drive cars.—Daily Northwestern.

VARSITY GRADUATE WINS COMPETITION

D. C. Fleming Takes Engineering Prize

D. C. Fleming, electrical engineering graduate of 1933, was awarded the prize of the Calgary branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada. He gave a comprehensive paper on "Recent Developments in Radio Receiving Design," at the competition which took place on Friday night in the Calgary Board of Trade rooms.

Judging of the contest was conducted by a committee headed by J. H. Ross, which awarded Mr. Fleming a total of 77 marks for paper. J. L. Eidoux, who delivered a paper on "Railway Construction in the Peace River Block," was second with the mark of 75. J. S. Neil, a graduate of civil engineering in 1930, lectured on the city's new sewage disposal system and came third with 71. Mr. I. Abramson, who spoke on Heaviesides Operational Calculus is a graduate of electrical engineering. The latter was given 69.

The address of presentation was made by Mr. Ross, and the entries were judged on the following basis: Subject matter, accuracy and completeness, 50 marks; originality, 10; appropriateness, 10; and for the manner of presentation, including language, delivery and logical sequence, 30 marks.

Mr. Fleming's lecture will be sent to Montreal for the competition in the contest sponsored by the parent body.

The A.C. tube, the superheterodyne circuit, automatic volume control through the development of the duplex diode-triode, vario-mu and other tubes, development in design with the view to reproducing speech and music with greater fidelity, and sets more beautiful in appearance, were listed by Mr. Fleming as the cent years in radio. The lecturer also most outstanding improvements of re-described the development of the radio from the early days of the crystal set to the modern triumphs of radio engineering, and dealt at some length, in technical language and with diagrams, with tubes and their functions.

LAW SCANDALS OF '34

(Continued from Page Five)

(moustache). We feel sure that anyone else would have mistaken him for Rip Van Winkle, but due to our superhuman psychic qualities we recognized him. We also read his mind but—well, after all, there is a censor!

Several lawyers-to-be (and out of kind-heartedness we will not mention their names) regret that they are not rubbernecks. Of course, I suppose this wish and the appearance of a fan dancer are a mere coincidence. But I am only supposing!

And for an ending, my learned friends (.), what more fitting remark than that of Spike Macleod's: "It is a feudal world."

POWER OF THE PRESS

(Continued from Page Five)

carry an editor. Humanity is forgotten in the fury of dead-line racing and trying to beat or "scoop" rival sheets.

In Canada no outstanding scandal along these lines has revealed itself in recent years. But much petty misrepresentation and coloring of news is apparent. The fire-eating monster of politics gives the truth-seeking reader a violent attack of astigmatism in that he absorbs only news prepared with a political view in mind. Circulation records grow fat on sensationalism, as manifested in flaring headlines suggesting incipient wars, immoral ministers, corporation scandals. Printer's ink depicts man as an animal dramatizing himself through murder, manslaughter, assault, arson, and many other interesting depravities. The happy, decent side of life is lost in gazing fixedly at the unsocial side of it. Obituaries form our only evidence that praise may be as interesting to read as censure.

Again, the unseemly publicity given to certain types of civil trials has many unfortunate consequences. The most important is that the general public is put in the odious position of passing judgment without the requisite experience and training necessary to evaluate evidence. Moreover, the catch only at juicy tit-bits such as personal revelations, leaving out of consideration the matter of prime importance. They are able to pamper their vanities in the thought of their comparatively moral natures as compared with that of the moronic rogues cross-examination shows many principles and witnesses to be.

I am not suggesting any specific remedy for, obviously, I am not in a position to do so. However, if I may be permitted to make a suggestion, I would recommend that people in general take a more decided stand in regard to the principle of the sanctity of personal reputations. People in positions of power, as indeed the representatives of the press are, are bound to overstep the bounds of decorum if not closely checked. This social duty rests at the door of every thinking citizen.

"Psychology has determined by actual experience that success depends 85 per cent. upon personality, and 15 per cent. upon brains," a Oouchita College professor declares.—McGill Daily.



BILL EPSTEIN

Secretary-elect of the Literary Society, represented Alberta at Saskatchewan in the Intervarsity debates last year, and thereby assisted in winning the McGoun Trophy for his Alma Mater for the second successive year. His interests are not centred on one activity. He is Associate Editor of The Gateway, and his editorial comment is always constructive. His ideas should contribute to the success of the Dramat.

UNION SELECTS CAPABLE SLATE

Rink Fee Plebiscite Carried by Sweeping Majority—Great Interest Shown

Great interested manifest itself in the Students' Union elections held on Wednesday, as is shown by the large vote cast. For the first time in the history of the Union a president, Mr. Bierwagen, went into office by acclamation. Mr. Jack Tuck was also elected as Treasurer of the Union by acclamation. However, the remainder of the offices were well represented, and the closeness of the vote shows that they were well contested.

The following will be members of the Students' Council for next year: President: Arthur Bierwagen. Vice-President: Margaret Smith. Secretary: Jack Macintosh. President of the Literary Society: Ralph Collins.

Secretary of the Literary Society: William Epstein. President of Men's Athletics: Don Wilson.

Secretary of Men's Athletics: Ev Borgal. President of Women's Athletics: Kay Swallow.

Secretary of Women's Athletics: Amy Cogswell. President of the Wauneita: Margery MacKenzie.

Secretary of the Wauneita: Flora MacLeod. Agriculture Representative: Ralph Carlyle.

Arts Representative: Geo. Casper. Marion Aikenhead and Beatrice Gillespie were elected for the Women's Disciplinary Committee.

At an election held yesterday morning Mr. Edward McCormick was elected president of the Law Club, and thereby becomes Law Representative on the Students' Council.

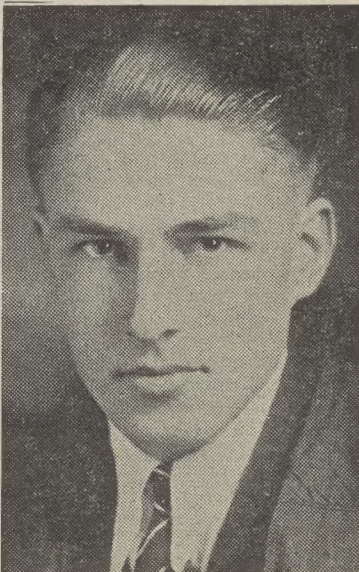
The plebiscite which was taken on the suggested one dollar rink fee was voted for by a large majority. The fee will come into effect next year, and will be used to provide against possible losses in the operation of the rink and for a building fund for future replacement of the rink, and will also probably permit the sale of season tickets to students next year at very low cost. More time will be given for University skating and hockey and also at a lower cost.

ARTS REP

I should like to take this opportunity to thank the students registered in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences for the support that they gave me in the recent election, and I can assure all that I will do all in my power to justify their trust in me.

GEORGE F. CASPER.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

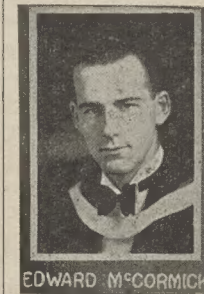


CHUCK PERKINS

The Twins are his.

LAW CLUB CHOOSES McCORMICK AS PRESIDENT

The Law Club on Thursday morning elected Edward McCormick as their President for the year 1934-35. Eddie graduates in Law next year.



EDWARD McCORMICK

He has been the driving force behind many a University activity in the course of his career. His column "Taurus," which appeared in The Gateway during the early part of the present term, aroused much favorable comment. As President of the Debating Society last year he was able to enforce some of his constructive ideas in regard to debating. A system of provincial debates was inaugurated, giving the beginners in debating an opportunity to meet outside teams. This program has been enlarged this year. With full scope given to his organizing powers, the activities of the Law Club for next year promise to be the most outstanding in the history of that society.

PHILHARMONIC CHORUS

(Continued from Page One)

They then sang the three songs over again, and the students also sang them once or twice. Then the three were repeated as a solo.

On the whole the songs had met with approval. There were enthusiastic comments about singing the songs at rugby games. Another anonymous person suggested that a larger attendance be stimulated at Students' Union meetings by having the songs open the meetings. Every student was given a ballot to mark her choice on.

Harry Prevey said these ballots are to be used to secure the students' opinion, and will not in themselves choose any one song.

A WARNING!

All ye interested in the Debating and Dramatic societies, do not succumb to a post-election lassitude. Your job is still to come.

The elections of officers in these societies will take place next Wednesday, March 21. All nominations must be in the hands of the Students' Union office by Monday, 2 p.m. The elections and speeches will be in rooms designated for that purpose on the bulletin boards.

Offices open for nominations are as follows:

Debating Society: President. Dramatic Society: President, vice-president, secretary, treasurer.

MUSICAL SOCIETY TO MEET SUNDAY

Final Meeting of the Year—Novel Program to be Presented

The final meeting of the University Musical Club will be held in Athabasca Hall on Sunday, March 18th, at 3:30 p.m. A novel and interesting program has been arranged. The majority of the numbers will be given by the student members of the society. One of the many points of interest in the program will be the German Folk Songs which Miss Elizabeth Gerwin will sing, accompanied by her sister, Miss Eleanor Gerwin. Other vocals will be rendered by Mr. Gordon Sprague. The program, in its entirety, will be as follows:

1. Piano—(a) Mazurka No. 37, (b) Prelude No. 21 (Chopin)—Miss Marion Powell.
2. Violin—Canzonetta (Tschaiowsky)—Mr. Rudolph Brey (accompanist, Mr. Fred Crosby).
3. Vocal—German Folk Songs: (a) Drunten im Unterland (Volkslied). (b) Der Lindenbaum (Schubert). (c) O Alte Burschen Herrlichkeit (Studentenlied). (d) Du, du liegst mir im Herzen (Volksweisen). (e) Die Lore am Tore (Volksweisen). (f) Heidenroslein (Volksweisen). (g) Horch! Was kommt von Draussen 'rein (Volksweisen).

Miss Elizabeth Gerwin (accompanist, Miss Eleanor Gerwin).

4. Piano (Original Compositions—Two sketches: (a) Petit Morceau, (b) Tango—Mr. Fraser Macdonald.
5. Trio—Gavotta (Padre Martini)—Mr. Rudolph Brey, violin; Mrs. Stanley Smith, 'cello; Mr. Fred Crosby, piano.

6. Vocal—(a) Sands o' Dee (Kingsley), Fred Clay. (b) I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly (Shakespeare), Henry Purcell.

(c) Tradewinds (Masfield), Frederick Keel. Mr. Gordon Sprague (accompanist, Mr. L. H. Nichols).

At this meeting the election of officers for the coming year will be held.

IN APPRECIATION

Through the medium of The Gateway, I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the honor conferred on me in electing me Treasurer of the Union. It is my earnest hope that I may discharge the duties of this office in a manner worthy of the confidence placed in me.

JACK TUCK.

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